

SAINT
PETERS
COMPLAINT,

With other Poemes.



LONDON
Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe.

1 5 9 5.

SAINT
PETER
COMPLAINT

With other Poemes.



LONDON
Printed by John Wolfe.

1622



The Author to his louing Cosen.



Poets by abusing their talent, and making the follies and fayninges of loue, the customary subiect of their base endenours, haue so discredited this facultie, that a Poet, a Louer, and a Liar, are by many reckoned but three wordes of one signification. But the vanity of men, cannot counterpoysse the authority of God, who deliuering many partes of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing vs to exercise our deuotion in Himnes and Spirituall Sonnets, warranteth the Arte to bee good, and the vse allowable. And therefore not onely among the Heathen, whose Gods were chiefly canonized by their Poets, and their Painim Diuinitie Oracled in verse: But euen in the Old and New Testament it hath bene vsed by men of greatest Pietie, in matters of most deuotion. Christ himselfe by making a Himne, the conclusion of his last Supper, and the Prologue to the first Pageant of his Passion, gaue his Spouse a methode to immitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a paterne to know the true vse of this measured and footed stile. But the Diuell as hee affecteth Deitie, and seeketh to haue all the complements of Diuine honor applied to his seruice, so hath he among the rest possessed also most Poets with his idle fansies. For in lieu of solemne and deuout matter, to which in duety they owe their abilities, they now

The Epistle Dedicatory.

busy themselves in expressing such passions, as onely serue for testimonies to how unwoorthy affections they haue wedded their wils. And because the best course to let them see the error of their workes, is to weaue a new webbe in their owne loome; I haue heere layd a few course threds together, to inuite some skillfuller wits to goe forward in the same, or to begin some finer peece, wherein it may be seene, how well verse and vertue sute together. Blame me not (good Cosen) though I send you a blame-woorthy present, in which the most that can commend it, is the good will of the writer, neither Arte nor inuention, giuing it any credite. If in mee this be a fault, you cannot be faultlesse that did importune mee to committe it, and therefore you must beare parte of the pennance, when it shall please sharpe censurers to impose it. In the meane time with many good wishes I send you these few ditties, add you the Tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you, be still a part in all your Musicke.



To the Reader.

DEARE eye that doest peruse my muses style,
With easie censure deeme of my delight:
Giue sobrest countnance leaue sometime to smyle,
And grauest wits to take a breathing flight.
Of mirth to make a trade may be a crime,
But tyred spirites for mirth must haue a time.

The lofty Eagle soares not still aboue,
High flightes will force her from the wing to stoupe,
And studious thoughtes at times men must remoue,
Least by excesse before their time they droupe.
In courser studies tis a sweete repose,
With Poets pleasing vaine to temper prose.

Prophane conceites and fayning fits I flie,
Such lawlesse stuffe doth lawlesse speeches fit:
With *David* verse to vertue I apply,
Whose measure best with measured wordes doth fit.
It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
When grace in vertues key tunes natures string.

The Author to the Reader.

DEare eie that daynest to let fall a looke,
On these sad memories of Peters plaintes:
Muse not to see some mud in cleereft brooke,
They once were brittle mould, that now are Saintes.
Their weakenesse is no warrant to offend:
Learne by their faultes, what in thine owne to mend.

If equities euen-hand the ballance held,
Where Peters sinnes and ours were made the weightes:
Ounce, for his Dramme: Pound, for his Ounce we yeeld:
His Ship would groane to feele some sinners freights.
So ripe is vice, so Greene is vertues bud:
The world doth waxe in euill, but waine in good.

This makes my mourning muse resolute in teares,
This Theames my heauy penne to plaine in prose.
Christes Thorne is sharpe, no beed his Garland weares:
Still finest wits are stilling Venus Rose.
In Paynim toyes the sweetest vaines are spent:
To Christian workes, few haue their tallents lent.

License my single penne to seeke a phere,
You heauenly sparkes of wit, shew native light:
Cloude not with mistie loues your Orient cleere,
Sweete flightes you shoote; learne once to leuell right.
Fauour my wish, well wishing workes no ill:
I mooue the Suite, the Graunt restes in your will.



SAINT PETERS

Complaint.



Aunche forth my Soul into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with grief the traffick of thy mind:
Torne sailes will serue, thoughtes rent with
guilty feares:

Giue care, the sterne: vse sighes in lieu of wind:
Remorse, the Pilot: thy misdeede, the Carde:
Torment, thy Hauen: Shipwracke, thy best reward.

Shun not the shelve of most deserued shame:
Sticke in the sandes of agonizing dread:
Content thee to be stormes and billowes game:
Diuorc'd from grace thy soule to penance wed:
Flie not from forreine euils, flie from thy hart:
Worse then the worst of euils is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy brest,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudy eies:
Where sinne was hatchd, let teares now wash the nest:
Where life was lost, recouer life with cries.
Thy trespassse foule: let not thy teares be few:
Baptize thy spotted soule in weeping dewe.

A 4

Fly

Saint Peters Complaint.

Flie mournfull plaintes, the Ecchoes of my ruth;
 Whose scretches in my fraighted conscience ring:
 Sob out my sorrowes, fruites of mine vntruth:
 Report the smart of sinnes infernall sting.
 Tell hartes that languish in the soriest plight,
 There is on earth a farre more sorry wight.

A sorry wight, the obiect of disgrace,
 The monument of feare, the map of shame,
 The mirrour of mishap, the staine of place,
 The scorne of time, the infamy of fame:
 An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull:
 Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

Ambitious heades dreame you of fortunes pride:
 Fill volumes with your forged Goddesse praise.
 You fancies drudges, plunge in follies tide:
 Devote your fabling wits to louers layes:
 Be you O sharpest greeues, that euer wrung,
 Texte to my thoughtes, The came to my playning tung.

Sad subiect of my sinne hath stoard my mind
 With euerlasting matter of complaint:
 My threnes an endlesse Alphabet do find,
 Beyond the panges which *Jeremy* doth paint.
 That eyes with errors may iust measure keepe:
 Most teares I wish that haue most cause to weepe.

Saint Peters Complaint.

3

All weeping eies resigne your teares to me :
A sea will scantly rince my ordurde soule :
Huge horrors in high tides must drowned bee
Of euery teare my crime exacteth tole.
These staines are deepe : few drops, take out no such :
Euen salue with fore : and most, is not too much.

I fear'd with life, to die ; by death, to liue :
I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.
To breath in blisse, I fear'd my breath to geue :
I fear'd for heavenly raigne, an earthly rod.
These feares I fear'd, feares feeling no mishaps :
O fond, o faint, o false, o faultie lapse.

How can I liue, that thus my life denied ?
What can I hope, that lost my hope in feare ?
What trust to one, that truth it selfe defied ?
What good in him, that did his God forswear ?
O sinne, of sinnes ; of euils, the very woorst :
O matchlesse wretch : O caitife most accurst.

Vaine in my vauntes, I vow'd if frendes had fail'd,
Alone *Christes* hardest fortunes to abide :
Gyant, in talke : like dwarfe, in triall quail'd :
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such distance is betwene high wordes and deedes :
In prooffe the greatest vaunter seldome speedes.

B

Ab

4 *Saint Peters Complaint.*

Ah rashnesse: hastie ryce to murdering leape,
Lauish, in vowing; blind, in seeing what:
Soone sowing shames, that long remorse must reape:
Nurcing with teares, that ouerlight begat.
Scoute of repentance, harbinger of blame:
Treason to wisdome, mother of ill name.

The borne-blind beggar for receiued sight,
Fast in his faith and loue, to *Christ* remain'd:
He stouped to no feare, he fear'd no might:
No change, his choyce: no threatens his truth distain'd.
One wonder wrought him in his duety sure:
I after thousands, did my Lord abiure.

Cold seruile feare of rendring natures due,
Which growth in yeares was shortly like to claime,
So thrall my loue, that I should thus eschue,
A vowed death and misse so faire an aime:
Die: Die: disloyall wretch thy life detest:
For sauing thine, thou hast forsworne the best.

Ah life, swete drop, drownd in a sea of showers,
A flying good, posting to doubtfull end:
Still loosing monethes and yeares to gaine new howers:
Faine, time to haue, and spare, yet forst to spend.
Thy growth, decrease: a moment, all thou hast:
That gone, ere knowne: the rest: to come, or past.

Ah

Saint Peters Complaint.

5

Ah life the maze of countlesse straying wayes,
Open to erring steps, and strow'd with baites,
To winde weake senses into endlesse strays,
A loofe from vertues rough vnbeaten straightes.
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dreame:
A liuing death, a neuer turning streame.

And could I rate so high a life so base?
Did feare with loue cast so vneuen accompt:
That for this goale I should runne Iudas race,
And Caiphas rage in cruelty surmount?
Yet they esteem'd thirty pence his price:
I, worse then both, for nought denied him thrise.

The mother sea from overflowing deepes,
Sendes foorth her issue by diuided vaines:
Yet back her ofspring to their mother creepes,
To pay their purest streames with added gaines.
But I that dronke, the drops of heauenly food:
Bemyred the giuer with returning mud.

Is this the haruest of his sowing toile?
Did *Christ*, manure thy hart to breed him bryars?
Or doth it neede this vnaccustomde soyle
With hellish dounge to fertile heauens desires?
No: no: the Marle that periuries do yeeld,
May spoyle a good, not far a barraine field.

6

Saint Peters Complaint.

Was this for best desertes the dueſt meede?
 Are highest worthes well wag'de with ſpitefull hire:
 Are ſtouteſt vowes repeal'd in greateſt neede:
 Should frienſhip at the firſt affronte retyre:
 Bluſh crauen ſott, lurke in eternall night:
 Crouche in the darkeſt caues from loathed light.

Ah wretch, why was I nam'd, ſonne of a doue,
 Whoſe ſpeeches voyded ſpight, and breathed gall:
 No kin I am vnto the bird of loue:
 My ſtony name much better ſutes my fall.
 My othes, were ſtones: my cruell tounge the ſling:
 My God, the marke: at which my ſpight did ſling.

Were all the Iewiſh tyrannies to few,
 To glut thy hungry lookes with his diſgrace:
 That thou more hatefull tyrannies muſt ſhew:
 And ſpit thy poyſon in thy makers face:
 Didſt thou to ſpare his foes put vp thy ſword:
 To brandiſh now thy tounge againſt thy Lord?

Ah tounge, that didſt his praife and Godhead ſound,
 How wert thou ſtain'd with ſuch deteſting wordes,
 That euery word was to his hart a wound,
 And launſt him deeper then a thouſand ſwordes:
 What rage of man, yea what infernall ſprite,
 Could haue diſgorg'd more loathſome dregs of ſpite?

Why

Saint Peters Complaint.

7

Why did the yeelding sea like marble way
Support a wretch more wauering then the waue?
Whome doubt did plunge, why did the water stay,
Vnkind, in kindnesse; murthuring, while it saues?
O that this tounge had then bene fishes food,
And I deuour'd before this cursing mood.

There surges, depthes, and seas vnfirm by kinde,
Rough gustes, and distance both from ship and shoare,
Were titles to excuse my staggering minde,
Stout feete might falter on that liquid floare.
But here, no seas, no blastes, nor billowes were,
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare.

O coward troupes far better arm'd then harted,
Whom angry words, whom blowes could not prouoke,
Whome though I taught how sore my weapon smarted,
Yet none repaide me with a wounding stroake.
O no: that stroke could but one moitie kill,
I was reseru'd both halues at once to spill.

Ah, whither was forgotten loue exile?
Where did the trueth of pledged promise sleepe?
What in my thoughtes begat this ougly childe,
That could through rented soule thus fiercely creepe?
O viper, feare their death by whome thou liuest,
All good thy ruynes wrecke, all euels thou giuest.

B

3

Threats

Saint Peters Complaint.

Threates threw me not, tormentes I none assayde:
 My fray, with shades : conceites, did make me yeeld,
 Wounding my thoughtes with feares : selfely dismayde
 I neither fought, nor lost, I gaue the field.
 Infamous foyle : a maidens easie breath ;
 Did blow me downe, and blast my soule to death.

Titles I make vntruthes : am I a rocke?
 That with so soft a gayle was ouerthrowne?
 And I fit pastor, for the faithfull flocke,
 To guide their soules that mured thus mine owne?
 A rocke, of ruine ; not a rest, to stay :
 A pastor, not to feede : but to betray.

Fidelitie was flowne, when feare was hatched,
 Incompatible brood in vertues nest :
 Courage can lesse with cowardise be matched,
 Prowisse nor loue lodge in deuided brest.
 O Adams child cast by a silly Eue,
 Heire to thy fathers foyles, and borne to greeue.

In Thabors ioyes I egre was to dwell,
 An earnest friend while pleasures light did shine :
 But when eclipsed glory prostrate fell,
 These zealous heates to sleepe I did resigne.
 And now my mouth hath thrise his name defil'd,
 That cryed so loud three dwellings there to build.

When

Saint Peters Complaint.

9

When *Christ* attending the distressefull hower
With his furcharged brest did blisse the ground,
Prostrate in panges, rayning a bleeding shower,
Me, like my selfe, a drowsy friend he found.
Thrise in his care sleepe closde my carelesse eye:
Presage, how him my tong should thrise deny.

Parting from *Christ* my fainting force declin'd,
With lingring foote I followed him a loofe.
Base feare out of my hart his loue vnshrinde,
Huge, in high wordes: but impotent, in proofe.
My vauntes did seeme hatcht vnder *Sampsons* lockes,
Yet womans wordes did giue me murdring knockes.

So fare luke-warme desires in crasie loue,
Farre off in neede with feeble foote they traine:
In tydes, they swimme: low ebbes they scornd to proue,
They seeke their friendes delightes, but shun their paine.
Hire of a hireling minde is earned shame:
Take now thy due: beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remisses, vertues quartane feuer,
Pyning of loue, consumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer,
Soules willfull famine, finnes soft stealing pace,
The vndermyning euill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all be brought.

B

4

O portresse

Saint Peters Complaint.

O portresse of the doore of my disgrace,
 Whose tounge, vnlockt the trueth of vowed minde;
 Whose wordes, from cowardes hart did courage chase,
 And let in death-full feares my soule to blinde.
 O, hadst thou bene the portresse to my tombe:
 When thou wert portresse to that cursed room.

Yet loue, was loath to part; feare, loath to die:
 Stay, daunger, life, did counterplead their causes:
 I fauouring stay, and life, bad daunger flie:
 But daunger did except against these clauses.
 Yet stay, and liue, I would, and daunger shunne:
 And lost my selfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I stayed, yet did my staying farthest part:
 I liu'd; but so, that sauing life, I lost it:
 Daunger I shund, but to my forer smart:
 I gayned nought, but deeper damage crost it.
 What daunger, distance, death is worse then this:
 That runnes from God, and spoyles his soule of blisse:

O *Iohn* my guide into this earthly hell,
 Too well acquainted in so ill a court,
 Where rayling mouthes with blasphemies did swell,
 VVith taynted breath infecting all resort.
 VVhy didst thou lead me to this hell of euils:
 To shew my selfe a feind among the diuels?

O sacred

Saint Peters Complaint.

II

O sacred eyes, the springs of liuing light,
The earthly heauens, where Angels ioy to dwell:
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,
Or let your heavenly beames looke on my hell?
But those vnspotted eyes encountred mine,
As spotlesse Sunne doth on the dounghill shine.

Sweet volumes stoarde with learning fit for Saints,
Where blifull quires imparadize their minds,
Wherein eternall studie neuer faints,
Still finding all, yet seeking all it findes.
How endlesse is your labyrinth of blisse,
Where to be lost the sweetest finding is?

Ah wretch how oft haue I sweet lessons read,
In those deare eies the registers of truth?
How oft haue I my hungrie wishes fed,
And in their happy ioyes redress'd my ruth?
Ah that they now are Heralds of disdain:
That erst were euer pittyers of my paine.

You flames deuine that sparkle out your hearts,
And kindle pleasing fires in mortall hearts:
You nectared Ambrose of soule feeding meats,
You gracefull quiuers of loues dearest darts:
You did vouchsafe to warme, to wound, to feast:
My cold, my stony, my now famishde breast.

C

The

Saint Peters Complaint.

The matchles eies matchd onely each by other,
Were pleas'd on my illmatched eyes to glaunce :
The eye of liquid pearle, the purest mother,
Brochte tears in mine to weepe for my mischaunce.
The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treasure,
And did to my misdeed their mercies measure.

These blasfing comets, lightning flames of loue,
Made me their warming influence to know :
My frozen hart their sacred force did proue,
Which at their lookes did yeeld like melting snow.
They did not ioyes in former plentie carue,
Yet sweet are crums where pined thoughts do starue.

O liuing mirrours, seeing whom you shew,
Which equall shaddows worthes with shadowed things:
Ye make thinges nobler then in natiue hew,
By being shap'd in those life giuing springs.
Much more my image in those eyes was grac'd,
Then in my selfe whom sinne and shame defac'd.

All seeing eyes more worth then all you see,
Of which one is the others onely price:
I worthles am, direct your beames on me,
With quickning vertue cure my killing vice.
By seeing things, you make things worth the sight,
You seeing, salue, and being scene, delight.

O Pooles

Saint Peters Complaint.

13

O Pooles of *Hesebon*, the bathes of grace,
Where happy spirits dyue in sweet desires:
Where Saints reioyce to glasse their glorious face,
Whose banks make Eccho to the Angels quires:
An Eccho sweeter in the sole rebound,
Then Angels musick in the fullest sound.

O eies, whose glaunces are a silent speech,
In cyphred words, high misteries disclosing:
VVhich with a looke all sciences can teach,
VVhose textes to faithfull heartes need little glosing:
VVitnes vnworthy I, who in a looke,
Learnd more by rote, then all the scribes by booke.

Though malice still possesse their hardened minds,
I, though too hard, learnd softnes in thine eye,
Which iron knots of stubborne will vnbindes,
Offring them loue, that loue with loue wil buy.
This did I learne, yet they could not discern it,
But wo, that I had now such need to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your selues in light excelling,
VVhose presence, day, whose absence causeth night,
Whose neighbour course, bring Sommer, cold expelling,
VVhose distant periods frieze away delight.
Ah, that I lost your bright and fostring beames,
To plunge my soule in these congealed streams.

Saint Peters Complaint.

O gracious spheres, where loue the Center is,
 A natiue place for our selfe-loaden soules :
 The compasse, loue, a cope that none can mis:
 The motion, loue that round about vs rowles.
 O Spheres of loue, whose Center, cope and motion,
 Is loue of vs, loue that inuites deuotion.

O little worldes, the summes of all the best,
 Where glory, heauen, God, soone: all vertues, starres:
 Where fire, a loue that next to heauen doth rest,
 Ayre, light of life, that no distemper marres:
 The water, grace, whose seas, whose springs, whose
 Cloth natures earth, with euerlasting flowers. (showers,

What mixtures these sweet elements do yeeld,
 Let happy worldlings of those worlds expound,
 But simples are by compounds farre exceld,
 Both sute a place, where all best things abound.
 And if a banishd wretch gesse not amisse:
 All but one compound framde of perfect blisse.

I outcast from these worlds exiled rome,
 Poore saint, from heauen, from fire, cold Salamander:
 Lost fish, from those sweet waters kindly home,
 From lande of life, strayed pilgrim still I wander:
 I know the cause: these worldes had neuer hell,
 In which my faults haue best deserude to dwell.

O Bethelcm

Saint Peters Complaint.

15

O Bethelclem cisternes, *Dauids* most desire,
From which my finnes like fierce Philistims keepe,
To fetch your drops what champion should I hire,
That I therein my withered heart may steepe.
I would not shed them like that holy king,
His were but tipes, these are the figured thing.

O Turtle twins all bath'd in virgins milke,
Vpon the margin of full flowing bankes:
Whose gracefull plume surmounts the finest filke,
Whose sight enamoreth heauens most happy rankes,
Could I forweare this heauenly paire of doues,
That cag'd in care for me were groning loues.

Twice *Moyse*s wand did strike the stubborne rocke,
Ere stony veynes would yeeld their christall blood:
Thy eyes, one looke serud as an onely knocke,
To make my heart gush out a weeping flood.
Wherein my finnes as fishes spawne their frye,
To shew their inward shames, and then to dye.

But O, how long demurre I on his eies,
Whose looke did pearce my heart with healing wound:
Launching impostumde sore of periurde lies,
Which these two issues of mine eyes hath found:
Where runne it must, till death the issues stop,
And penall life hath purgde the finall drop.

C 3

Like

Saint Peters Complaint.

Like soleft Swan that swimmes in silent deepe,
 And neuer sings but obsequies of death,
 Sigh out thy plaints, and sole in secreat weepe,
 In suing pardon, spend thy periurde breath.
 Attire thy soule in sorrowes mourning weede:
 And at thine eies let guilty conscience bleede.

Still in the limbeck of thy dolefull breast,
 These bitter fruites that from thy sinnes do grow:
 For fuel, selfe accusing thoughtes be best,
 Vse feare, as fire, the coales let penance blow.
 And seeke none other quintessence but teares,
 That eyes may shed what entred at thine eares.

Come sorrowing teares the offspring of my griefe,
 Scant not your parent of a needfull aide:
 In you I rest, the hope of wishde relief,
 By you my sinfull debts must be defraide.
 Your power preuailes, your sacrifice is gratefull,
 By loue obtayning life to men most hatefull.

Come good effectes of ill deseruing cause;
 Ill gotten impes, yet vertuously brought forth:
 Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes.
 Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth:
 The signes of shame in you ech eie may reade,
 Yet while you guiltie proue, you pittie pleade.

O beams

Saint Peters Complaint.

17

O beames of mercy beat on sorrowes cloude,
Powre suppling showers vpon my parched ground:
Bring forth the fruite to your due seruice voyde,
Let good desires with like deserts be crownde.
Water young bloming vertues tender flower,
Sinne did all grace of riper groth deuour.

Weep Balme and mirrhe you sweet Arabian trees,
With purest gummes perfume and pearle your ryue:
Shed on your hony drops you busie bees,
I barraine plaint must weep vnpleasant bryue,
Hornets I hyue, salt drops their labour plies,
Suckt out of sinne, and shed by showring eies.

Yf *Dauid* night by night did bath his bed,
Esteeming longest daies too short to moane:
In consolable teares if *Anna* shed,
Who in her sonne her solace had forgone.
Then I to daies, & weekes, to monthes & yeares,
Do owe the howrely rent of stintlesse teares.

If loue, if losse, if fault, if spotted fame,
If daunger, death, if wrath or wrecke of weale,
Entitle eyes true heires to earned blame,
That due remorse in such euent conceale;
Then want of teares might well enroll my name,
As cheefest Saint in Calender of shame.

Loue, where I lou'de, was due, and best deserude,
 No loue could aime at more loue-worthie marke,
 Nor loue more lou'de then mine of him I serude,
 Large vse he gaue, a flame for euery sparke.
 This loue I lost, this losse a life must rue,
 Yea life is short to pay the ruth is due.

I lost all that I had, and had the most,
 The most that wll can wish, or wit deuise:
 Least performd, that did most vainely boast,
 I staine my fame in most infamous wise.
 what daunger then death, wrath, or wreck can moue,
 More pregnant cause of teares then this I proue?

If Adam sought a veyle to scarfe his sinne,
 Taught by his fall to feare a scourging hand:
 If men shall wish that hils should wrap them in,
 When crymes in finall doome come to be scand:
 What mount, what caue, what center can conceale
 My monstrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

Come shame the liuery of offending mind,
 The ougly shroud, that ouer shadoweth blame:
 The mulct, at which fowle faults are iustly fynde,
 The dampe of sinne the common sluice of fame.
 By which impostumde tongues their humors purge,
 Light shame on me, I best deseru'd the scourge,

Saint Peters Complaint.

19

Caines murdring hand imbrude in brothers blood,
More mercy, then my impious tounge may craue:
He kild a ryuall with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue.
But feare so spoild my vanquisht thoughts of loue:
That periurde oathes my spightfull hate did proue.

Poore *Agar* from her phere enforc'd to flye,
Wandring in Barfabeian wildes alone:
Doubting her child throgh helples drought would die,
Laid it aloofe and set her downe to moane.
The heauens with praicrs: her lap with teares she fild,
A mothers loue in losse is hardly stild.

But *Agar* now bequeath thy teares to me,
Feares, not effects, did set aflote thine eies:
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee,
Ah, not my sonne: my soule it is that dies.
It dies for drought yet had a spring in sight,
worthie to die, that would not liue and might.

Faire *Absolons* fowle faults compar'de with mine,
Are brightest sands, to mud of Sodome lakes.
High aymes, yong spirits, birth of royall lyne,
Made him play false, where kingdoms were the stakes.
He gazde on golden hopes, Whose lustrey winnes
Sometime the grauest wittes to grievous finnes.

D

But

Saint Peters Complaint.

But I whose crime cuts off the least excuse,
 A kingdome lost, but hope no mite of gaine:
 My highest marke, was but the worthles vse,
 Of some few lingring howres of longer paine.
 Vngratefull child, his parents he persude:
 I gyants warre with God himselfe renude.

Ioy infant Saints, whom in the tender flower,
 A happy storme did free from feare of Sinne:
 Long is their life, that die in blisfull hower,
 Ioyfull such ends as endles ioyes beginne.
 Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought:
 Life sau'de by sinne, base purchase, dearly bought,

This lot was mine, your fate was not so fearce,
 Whom spotlesse death in cradle rockt a sleepe:
 Sweet Roses mixt with Lillies strowd your hearce,
 Death virgin white in martirs red did sleepe.
 Your downy heads both pearles and rubies crownde,
 My hoary locks did femall feares confound.

You bleating ewes that waile this woluish spoile,
 Of sucking lambs new bought with bitter throwes,
 To balme your babes your eyes distill their oile,
 Ech hart to tombe her child wide rupture showes.
 Rue not their death whom death did but reuiue:
 Yeld ruth to me that liued to die aliue.

With

Saint Peters Complaint.

21

With easie losse sharpe wreackes did he eschew,
That Sindonles aside did naked slip:
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whom sinne did neuer strip.
I that in vaunts displaide prides fairest flagges,
Disrobe of grace am wrapt in *Adams* ragges.

When traitor to the sonne in mothers cies,
I shall present my humble suit for grace:
What blush can paint the shame that will arise;
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Might she the sorrow with the sinner see:
Though I dispisde : my grieve might pittied bee.

But ah, how can her eares my speech endure,
Or sent, my breath still reeking hellish steeme:
Can mother like what did the sonne abiure,
Or hart deflowrde a virgins loue redeeme?
The mother nothing loues that sonne doth loth,
Ah lothsome wretch detested of them both.

O sister Nymphes the sweet renowned paire,
That blisse *Bethania* bonds with your aboade:
Shall I infect that sanctified aire,
Or staine those steps where *Iesus* breathd and trode?
No: let your praiers perfume that sweetned place:
Turne me with Tygers to the wildest chafe.

Saint Peters Complaint.

Could I reuiued *Lazarus* behold,
 The third of that sweet Trinitie of Saints?
 Would not astonish't dread my fences holde?
 Ah yes, my heart euen with his naming faints.
 I seeme to see a messenger from hell,
 That my prepared torments comes to tell.

O *John*, O *James*, we made a triple corde,
 Of three most louing and best loued friends:
 My rotten twist was broken with a worde,
 Fit now to fuell fire among the fiends.
 It is not euer true, though often spoken:
 That tripld twisted corde is hardly broken.

The dispossessed diuels that out I threw,
 In *Iesus* name, now impiously forsworne:
 Triumph to see me caged in their mew,
 Trampling my ruins with contempt and scorne.
 My periury was musicke to their daunce:
 And now they heap disdaines on my mischance.

Our rocke (say they) is riuen, O welcome hower,
 Our Eagles wings are clipt, that wrought so hie:
 Our thundering Clowde made noise but cast no shower,
 He prostrate lies, that would haue scal'de the sky.
 In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
 Our *Cedar* now is shrunke into a shrub.

These

Saint Peters Complaint.

23

These scornfull wordes vpbraide my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned prompters neighbour voice:
Such vgly gesse still wait vpon the nought,
Fiends swarm to soules that swarue from vertues choise.
For breach of plighted truth, this true I trie:
Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lie.

Once, and but once, to deare a once to twice it,
A heauen, in earth, Saints, nere my selfe I saw:
Sweet was the sight, but sweeter loues did spice it,
Both sightes and loues did my misdeeds withdraw.
From heauen and Saints to hell and Diuels enstranged,
Those sightes to frights, those loues, to hates are changed.

Christ, as my God, was templed in my thought,
As man, he lent mine eies their dearest light:
But sinne, his temple hath to ruine brought:
And now, he lightneth terrour from his sight,
Now of my lay vnconsecrate desires,
Prophaned wrethe I tast the earned hires.

Ah sinne, the nothing that doth all things file:
Outcast from heauen, earthes curse, the course of hell:
Parent of death, authour of our exile,
The wrecke of soules the wares that fiends do sell.
That men to monsters: Angels turnes to Diuells:
Wrong, of all rightes: selfe ruine: root of euils.

D s

A thing

24 *Saint Peters Complaint.*

A thing most done, yet more then God can doe,
Dayly new done, yet euer done amisse :
Friended of all yet vnto all a foe,
Seeming a heauen, yet banishing from blisse.
Serued with toyle, yet paying nought but paine :
Mans deepest losse, though false esteemed gaine.

Shot, without noyse : wound without present smart :
First, seeming light ; prouing in fyne a load,
Entring with ease, not easily wonne to parte,
Far in effects from that the shewes abode.
Endorc'd with hope, subscribed with dispaire :
Vgly in death, though life did faine it faire.

O forfeiture of heauen : eternall debt,
A moments ioy : ending in endles fires :
Our natures skumme : the worlds entangling Net :
Night of our thoughts : death of all good desires.
Worse then all this : worse then all tongue can say,
Which man could owe, but onely God defray.

This fawning viper, dumme till it had wounded,
With many mouthes doth now vpbraide my harmes :
My sight was vaild till I my selfe confounded,
Then did I see the disenchanting charmes.
Then could I cut th' anotomy of sinne,
And search with *Linxes* eyes what lay within.

Bewitching

Saint Peters Complaint.

25

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceites,
Still borrowing lying shapes to maske thy face,
Now know I the deciphering of thy sleighthes,
A cunning, dearely bought with losse of grace.
A sugred poyson now hath wrought so well :
That thou hast made me to my selfe a hell.

My eye, reades mournfull lessons to my hart,
My hart, doth to my thought the grieve expound,
My thought, the same doth to my tounge impart,
My tounge, the message in the eares doth sound.
My eares, backe to my hart their sorrowes send :
Thus circkling griefes runne round without an end.

My guilty eye still seemes to see my sinne,
All thinges Characters are to spell my fall,
What eye doth read without, hart rues within,
What hart doth rue, to pensue thought is gall.
Which when the thought would by the tounge digest :
The eare conuayes it backe into the brest.

Thus gripes in all my partes do neuer fayle,
Whose onely league is now in bartring paines :
What I, in grosse : they trafficke by retayle :
Making each others miseries their gaines.
All bound for euer prentizes to care :
While Lin shop of shame trade sorrowes ware.

Saint Peters Complaint.

Pleas'd with displeasing lot I seeke no change,
 I wealthiest am when richest in remorse:
 To fetch my ware no seas nor lands I range,
 For customers to buy I nothing force.
 My home-bred goods at home are bought and sold,
 And still in me the interest I hold.

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue,
 In Orphan seate deuoted to mishap:
 Rent from the roote, that sweetest fruit did giue,
 I scorn'd to graffe in stocke of meaner sap.
 No iuice can ioy me but of *Iesse* flower,
 Whose heauenly roote hath true reuiuing power.

At sorrowes dore I knockt, they crau'de my name;
 I aunswered one, vnworthy to be knowne:
 What one, say they? one worthiest of blame.
 But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne.
 A man? O no, a beast: much worse, what creature?
 A rocke: how cald? the rocke of scandale, Peter.

From whence? from *Caiphas* howse, ah dwell thou there,
 Sinnes farme I rented, there, but now would leaue it:
 What rent? my soule: what gaine? vnrest, and feare,
 Deare purchase. Ah to deare. will you receiue it?
 what shall we giue? fit teares, and times, to plaine me,
 Come in, say they; thus griefes did entertaine me.

Euill

Saint Peters Complaint.

27

Euill president, the tyde that wast to vice,
Dumme Orator, that woes with silent deedes,
Writing in workes lessons of euill aduise,
The doing tale that eye in practize reades :
Taster of ioyes : to vnacquainted hunger :
With leauen of the old seasoning the yonger.

It seemes no fault to doe that all haue done :
The number of offenders hides the sinne :
Coatch drawne with many horse doth easely runne.
Soone followeth one where multitudes begin.
O, had I in that court much stronger bene :
Or not so strong as first to enter in.

Sharpe was the weather in that stormy place,
Best suting hearts benumbd with hellish frost,
Whose crueltie could admit no grace,
Where coales were kindled to the warmers cost.
Where feare, my thoughtes canded with ysie colde :
Heate, did my tounge to periuries vnfold.

O hatefull fire (ah that I euer saw it)
Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames it did require to thawe it,
Thy hell resembling heate did frize it worse.
O that I rather had congeal'de to yse :
Then bought thy warm'th at such a dauncing price.

E

Saint Peters Complaint.

O wakefull bird, proclaymer of the day,
 Whose pierſing note doth daunt the Lyons rage:
 Thy crowing did my ſelfe to me bewray,
 My frightes, and brutiſh heates it did aſſwage.
 But O, in this alone vnhappy cocke:
 That thou to count my foyles wert made the clocke.

O bird, the iuſt rebuker of my crime,
 The faithfull waker of my ſleeping feares:
 Be now the dayly clocke to ſtrike the time,
 When ſtinted eyes ſhall pay their taſke of teares.
 Vpbraide mine eares with thine accusing crow:
 To make me rue that firſt it made me know.

O milde reuenger of aſpiring pride,
 Thou canſt diſmount high thoughtes to low effectes:
 Thou madeſt a cocke me for my fault to chide,
 My lofty boaſtes this lowly bird correctes.
 Well might a cocke correct me with a crow:
 VVhome hennish cackling firſt did ouerthrow.

VVeake weapons did *Golias* fumes abate,
 VVhoſe ſcortching rage did thunder threatens in vaine:
 His body huge harneſt with maſſie plate,
 Yet *Dauids* ſtone brought death into his braine.
 VVith ſtaffe and ſling as to a dog he came:
 And with contempt did boaiſting fury tame.

Yet

Saint Peters Complaint.

29

Yet *David* had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skillfull might excusde *Golias* spoyle :
The death is easde that worthy hand hath wrought,
Some honor liues in honorable spoyle.
But, I on whome all infamies must light :
Was hisde to death with wordes of womens spite.

Small gnats enforst th'Egyptian king to stoupe,
Yet they in swarmes and arm'd with piercing stings :
Smart, noyse, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No small incombrance such small vermine brings :
I quayld at wordes that neither bit nor stonge,
And those deliuered from a womans tounge.

Ah feare, abortiue ympe of drouping mind :
Selfe ouerthrow : false friend : roote of remorse :
Sighted, in seeing euils : in shunning, blind :
Foyld without field : by fanisy, not by force :
Ague of valor : phrensie of the wise :
True honors staine : loues frost : the minte of lies.

Can vertue, wisedome, strength by woemen spild
In *Dauids*, *Salomons*, and *Sampsons* fals,
With semblance of excuse my errour guild,
Or lend a marble glose to muddy walles ?
O no their fault had show of some pretence.
No vayle can hide the shame of my offence.

30 *Saint Peters Complaint.*

The blaze of beauties beames allured their lookes,
Their lookes, by seeing oft, conceiued loue :
Loue, by affecting, swallowed pleasures hookes :
Thus beauty, loue, and pleasure them did mooue.
These Syrens sugred tunes rockt them a sleepe :
Enough, to damme, yet not to damme so deepe.

~~But~~ gracious features dased not mine eies,
Two homely droyles were authors of my death :
Not loue, but feare, my fences did surprize :
Not feare of force, but feare of womans breath.
And those vnarm'd, ill grac'd, despisde, vnknowne :
So base a blast my truthe hath ouerthrowne.

O women, woe to men : traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragicall mischaunces :
Earthes necessarie euils, captiuing thralles,
Now murdring with your tongs, now with your glāces,
Parents of life, and loue : spoylers of both,
The theefes of Harts : false do you loue or loth.

In time, O Lord, thine eyes with mine did meet,
In them I read the ruines of my fall :
Their chearing raies that made misfortune sweet,
Into my guilty thoughts powrde flouds of gall,
Their heauenly lookes that blist where they beheld,
Darts of disdaine, and angry checks did yceld.

With

Saint Peters Complaint.

31

With them I rest true prisoner to their yaile,
Chain'd in the yron linkes of basest thrall,
Till grace vouchsafing captiue soule to bayle,
In wonted sea degraded loues enstal.
Dayes, passe in plaintes : the nightes without repose :
I wake, to weepe : I sleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deathes allye : obliuion of teares :
Silence of passions : balme of angry sore :
Suspence of loues : securitie of feares :
Wrathes lenitiue : hartes ease : stormes calmest shore :
Senses and soules repriuall from all cumbers :
Benumbing sence of ill, with quiet slumbers.

Not such my sleepe : but whisperer of dreames :
Creating straunge chymeraes : fayning frightes :
Of day discourses giuing fansie theames,
To make dumme shewes with worlds of anticke fightes :
Casting true griefes in fanfies forging mold :
Brokenly telling tales rightly foretold.

This sleepe most fitly suteth sorrowes bed,
Sorrow the smart of euill, Sinnes eldest child :
Best, when vnkind in killing who it bred,
A racke, for guilty thoughtes : a bit, for wild.
The scourge, that whips : the salve that cures offence :
Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath sence.

Saint Peters Complaint.

Heere solitary mules nurse my griefes,
 In silent lonenesse burying worldly noyse,
 Attentive to rebukes, deafe to reliefes,
 Pensive to foster cares, carelesse of ioyes:
 Ruing lifes losse vnder deathes dreary roofes,
 Solemnizing my funerall behoofes.

A selfe contempt, the shroud : my soule, the corse :
 The beere, an humble hope : the hersecloth, feare :
 The mourners, thoughtes, in blackes of deepe remorse:
 The herse, grace, pittie, loue, and merry beare.
 My teares, my dole : the priest, a zealous will :
 Pennance, the tombe : and dolefull sighes, the knill.

Christ, health of feuerd soule, heauen of the minde,
 Force of the feeble, nurse of Infant loues,
 Guide to the wandring foote, light of the blind,
 Whome weeping winnes, repentant sorrow moues,
 Father in care, mother in tender hart :
 Reuiue and saue me slaine with sinnefull dart.

If king *Manasses* funke in depth of sinne,
 With plaintes and teares recouered grace and crowne :
 A worthlesse worme some milde regard may winne,
 And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
 A poore desire I haue to mend my ill :
 I should, I would, I dare not say, I will.

I dare

Saint Peters Complaint.

33

I dare not say, I will; but wish, I may:
My pride is checkt, high wordes the speaker spilt:
My good, O Lord, thy gift; thy strength my stay:
Giue what thou bidst, and then bid what thou wilt.
Worke with me what thou of me doest request:
Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

Prone looke, crost armes, bent knee, and contrite hart,
Deepe sighes, thicke sobs, deepe eyes & prostrate prayers,
Most humbly beg reliefe of earned smart,
And sauing shroud in mercies sweete repaires.
If iustice should my wrongs with rigor wage:
Feares, would dispaire: ruth, breed a hopelesse rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lie,
Crauing the reffues crummes of childrens plate:
My sores, I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags, beare witnesse of my poore estate.
The wormes of conscience that within me swarme:
Proue that my plaintes are lesse then is my harme,

With mildenesse, *Iesu*, measure my offence:
Let true remorse thy due reuenge abate:
Let teares appease when trespasse doth incense:
Let pittie temper thy deserued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall:
VVith feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

34

Saint Peters Complaint.

Redeeme my lapse with raunsome of thy loue,
Trauerse th'inditement, rigorous dome suspend:
Let frailtie fauour, sorrowes succour moue:
Be thou thy selfe, though chaungling I offend.
Tender my suite, clense this defiled denne,
Cancell my debtes, sweete *Iesu*, say Amen.

The ende of Saint Peters Complaint.

Mary





Mary Magdalens blush.

THe signes of shame that staine my blushing face
 Rise from the feeling of my rauing fits,
 Whose ioy, annoy : whose guerdon, is disgrace :
 Whose sollace, flies : whose sorrow, neuer flits :
 Bad seed I sow'd : worse fruite is now my gaine :
 Soone dying mirth begat long liuing paine.

Now pleasure ebbes: reuenge beginnes to flow:
 One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:
 Remorse doth teach my guiltie thoughts to know,
 How cheape I sould, that Christ so dearely bought.
 Faults long vnfelt doth conscience now bewraye,
 Which cares must cure, and teares must wash awaye.

All ghostly dynts that grace at me did dart,
 Like stubborne rocke I forced to recoyle:
 Lo other flights an ayme I made my hart,
 Whose wounds, then wel-come, now haue wrdought my soyle.
 Woe worth the bow, who worth the archers might,
 That drane such arrowes to the marke so right.

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death:
 One, to this world: one, to the world to come:
 Wounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath;
 But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull dome.
 And for a world, whose pleasures passe away:
 I lose a world, whose ioyes are past decay.

O sence, O soule, O had, O hoped blisse,
 You wooe, you weane, you draw, you driue me back.
 Your crosse-encountring, like their combate is,
 That neuer end but with some deadly wrack.
 When sence doth winne, the soule doth loose the field,
 And present happes, make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen, lament: sence robbeth thee of Saints:
 Lament O soules, sence spoyleth you of grace.
 Yet sence doth scarce deserue these hard complaints,
 Loue is the thiefe, sence but the entring place.
 Yet graunt I must, sence is not free from sinne,
 For theefe he is that theefe admitteth in.

M A R Y



*Marie Magdalens complaint at
Christs death.*

Sith my life from life is parted:
 Death come take thy portion.
 Who suruiues, when life is muredred,
 Liues by meere extortion.
 All that liue, and not in God:
 Couch their life in deaths abod.

Seely starres must needes leaue shining,
 When the sunne is shaddowed.
 Borrowed streames refraine their running,
 VVhen head springs are hindered.
 One that liues by others breath,
 Dieth also by his death.

O true life, since thou hast left me,
 Mortall life is tedious.
 Death it is to liue without thee,
 Death, of all most odious.
 Turne againe or take me to thee,
 Let me dye or liue thou in mee.

38


Where the truth once was, and is not,
Shaddowes are but vanitie:
Shewing want, that helpe they cannot
Signes, not salues of miserie.
Paynted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceeds.

With my loue, my life was nestled
In the sonne of happinesse:
From my loue, my life is wrested
To a world of heauinesse.
O, let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.

O my soule, what did vnloose thee
From thy sweete captiuitie?
God, not I, did still possesse thee:
His, not mine, thy libertie.
O, two happie thrall thou wart,
When thy prison, was his hart.

Spitefull speare, that brakest this prison,
Seate of all felicitie,
Working this, with double treason,
Loues and liues deliuerie:
Though my life thou drau'st away,
Maugre thee my loue shall stay.

Times



Times goe by turnes.

THe lyppted tree in time may grow againe,
Most naked plantes renew both fruit and flower:
The forest wight may find release of paine,
The dryest soyle sucke in some moystning shower.
Times goe by turnes, and chaunces chaunge by course:
From fowle to faire: from better happe, to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not euer flowe,
She drawes her fauours to the lowest ebbe:
Her tydes hath equall times to come and goe,
Her Loom doth weaue the fine and coursest webbe.
No ioye so great, but runneth to an end:
No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwaies fall of leafe, nor euer spring,
No endles night, yet not eternall day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storme a calme may soone alay.
Thus with succeeding turnes God tempereth all:
That man may hope to rise, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may winne that by mischaunce was lost,
The net that holdes no great, takes little fish:
In some things all, in all things none are crost,
Fewe, all they neede: but none, haue all they wish,
Vnmedled ioyes here to no man befall,
Who least, hath some, who most hath neuer all.



Looke home.

Retyred thoughts enioy their owne delights,
As beawtie doth in selfe beholding eye:
Mans mind a myrrour is of heauenly sights,
A breefe wherein all maruailes summed lye.
Of fayrest formes, and sweetest shapes the store,
Most gracefull all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To natures paterns adding higher skill:
Of finest workes wit better could the state,
If force of wit had equall power of will.
Deuise of man in working hath no end,
What thought can thinke an other thought can mend.

Mans soule of endles beauties image is,
Drawne by the worke of endlesse skill and might:
This skilfull might gaue many sparkes of blisse,
And to discerne this blisse a natiue light.
To frame Gods image as his worthes requirde:
His might, his skill, his word, and will conspirde.

All that he had his image should present,
All that it should present he could afford:
To that he could afford his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this suffice, by this conceiue the rest
He should, he could, he would he did the best.

Fortunes



Fortunes Falsehoode.

IN worldly meriments lurketh much miserie,
 Slie fortunes subtilties in baites of happinesse
 Shrowde hookes, that swallowed, without recouerie
 Murder the innocent with mortall heauinesse.

She soweth appetites with pleasing vanities,
 Till they be conquered with cloaked tyrannie,
 Than, chaunging countenaunce, with open enmities,
 She triumphes ouer them, scorning their slauerie.

With fawning flatterie deathes doore she openeth,
 Alluring passengers to bloudie destenie:
 In offers bountifull, in prooffe shee beggereth:
 Mens ruines registring her false felicitie.

Her hopes are fastened in blisse that vanisheth,
 Her smart inherited with sure possession:
 Constant in crueltie, shee neuer altereth,
 But from one violence, to more oppression.

To those that follow her, fauoures are measured,
 As easie premises to hard conclusions:
 With bitter corrosiues her ioyes are seasoned,
 Her highest benefits are but ill usions.

Her

Fortunes Falsehoode.

*Her waies, a laberinth of wandring passages:
 Fooles common pilgrimage, to cursed deities:
 Whose fond deuotion and idle menages
 Are wage with wearinesse in frutlesse drudgeries.*

*Blinde in her favorites foolish election,
 Chaunce is her arbiter in geuing dignities:
 Her choysse of visions, shewes most discretion,
 Sith welth the vertuous might wrest from pietie,*

*To humble suppliaunts tyrant most obstinate:
 She suters aunswereth with contrarieties:
 Proude with petition, vntaught to mitigate
 Rigour with clemencie in hardest cruelties.*

*Like Tygre fugitiue from the ambitious,
 Like weeping Crocodile to scornefull enemies:
 Suing for amitie where shee is odious,
 But to her followers forswearing curtesies.*

*No mind so chaungeable, no sea so wauering,
 As giddie fortune in reeling varieties:
 Now mad, now mercifull, now scarce, now fauoring
 In all things mutable, but mutabilities.*



Scorne not the least.

WHere wards are weake, & foes encountring strong:
Where mightier doe assault, then doe defend:
The feeble part puts vp enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers must thinke, though they repine,
When sunne is set: the little starres will shine.

While Pike doth range, the silly Teutch doth flie
And crouch in priuie creekes, with smaller fish:
Yet Pikes are caught when little fish goe bie:
These, fleet a flote; while those, doe fill the dish.
There is a time euen from the wormes to creepe:
And sucke the dew while all their foes doe sleepe.

The Marlyne cannot euer sore on high,
Nor greedie greyhound still pursue the chase:
The tender Larke will find a time to flie,
And fearefull Hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on Ceders did bestow:
Gaue also lowly mushrump leaue so grow.

In A mans pompe poore Mardocheus wept;
Yet God did turne his fate vpon his foe.
The Lazar pinde, while **D I V E**s feast was kept,
Yet he, to heauen; to hell, did *Diues* goe.
We trample grasse, and prize the flowers of May:
Yet grasse is greene when flowers doe fade away.



The Natiuitie of Christ.

BEholde the father, is his daughters sonne:
The bird that built the nest, is hatched therein:
The olde of yeares, an houre hath not out runne:
Eternall life, to liue doth now beginne.
The word is dumme: the mirth of heauen doth weep:
Might feeble is: and force doth faintly creepe.

O dying soules, beholde your liuing spring:
O dased eyes, behold your sonne of grace:
Dulle eares, attend what word this word doth bring:
Vp heauie hartes: with ioye your ioye embrace.
From death, from darke, from deafenesse, from dispaire:
This life, this light, this word, this ioy repaires.

Gift better then him selfe, God doth not know:
Gift better then his God, no man can see:
This gift doth here the geuer geuen bestow:
Gift to this gift let each receiuer bee.
God is my gift, him selfe he freely gaue me:
Gods gift am I, and none but God shall haue me.

Man altered was by sinne from man to beast:
Beastes foode is haye, haye is all mortall flesh:
Now God is flesh, and lies in Manger prest:
As haye, the brutest sinner to refresh.
O happie fielde whercin this fodder grew,
Whose tast, doth vs from beasts to men renew.

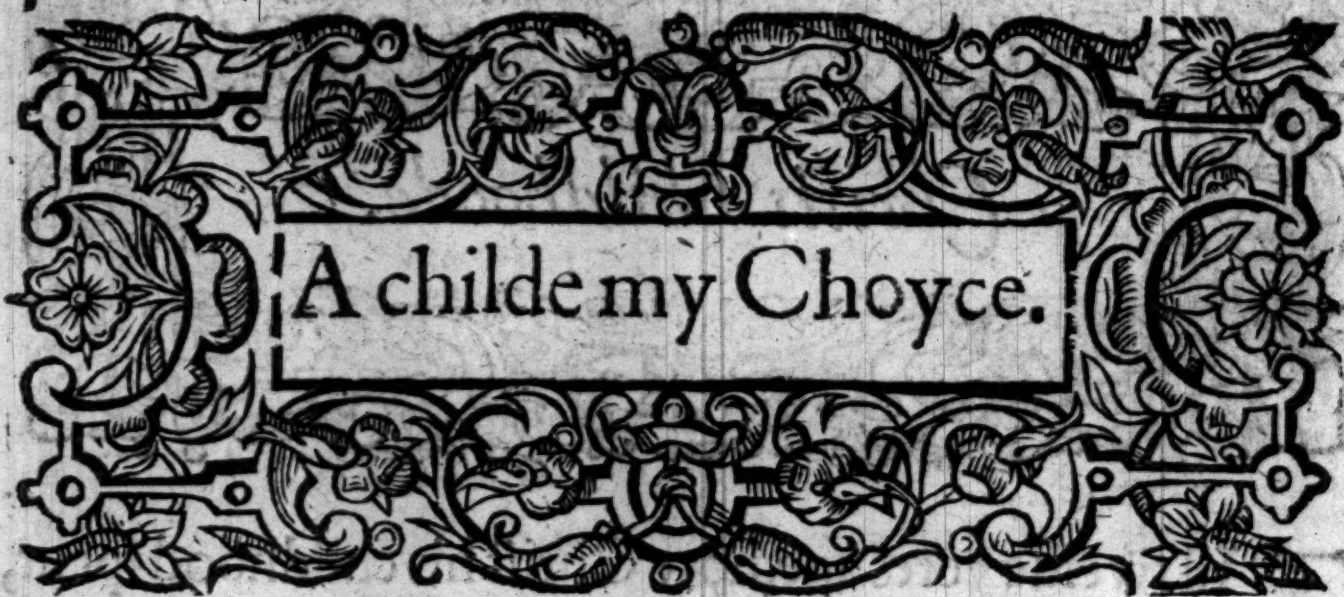


Christs Childhoode.

Till twelue yeres age, how Christ his childhood spent,
 All earthly pennes vnworthy were to write,
 Such acts, to mortall eyes hee did present:
 Whose worth, not men, but Angels must recite.
 No natures blots, no childish faults defilde,
 Where grace was guide, and God did play the childe.

In springing lockes laye couched hoary wit:
 In semblance young, a graue and auncient port:
 In lowly lookes, high Maiestie did sit:
 In tender tongue, sound sence of sagest sort.
 Nature imparted all that shee could teach:
 And God supplied, where nature could not reach.

His mirth, of modest meane a mirrour was:
 His sadnesse, tempered with a milde aspect:
 His eye, to trie each action was a glasse:
 Whose lookes, did good approue, and bad correct.
 His natures gifts, his grace, his word, and deede
 Well shewed that all did from a God proceede.



L Et folly praise that fancie lones, I praise and loue that child,
 Whose hart, no thought: whose tong, no word: whose hand no deed
 I praise him most, I loue him best, all praise and loue is his: (defiled,
 While him I loue, in him I liue, and cannot liue amisse.

Loues sweetest mark, Lawdes highest theme, mans most desired light:
 To loue him, life: to leaue him, death: to liue in him, delight.
 He mine, by gift: I his, by debt: thus each, to others due:
 First friend he was: best friend he is: all times will try him true.

Though young, yet wise: though smal, yet strong: though man, yet God:
 As wise, he knowes: as strong, he can: as God, he loues to blisse. (he is:
 His knowledge rules: his strength, defends: his loue, doth cherish all:
 His birth, our Ioye: his life, our light: his death, our end of thrall.

Alas, he weepes, he sighes, he pants, yea doo his Angels sing:
 Out of his teares, his sighes and throbs, doth bnd a ioyfull spring.
 Almighty babe, whose tender armes can force all foes to flie:
 Correct my faulces, protect my life, direct me when I die.

I dwell



Content and rich.

I Dwell in graces courte,
 Enrichde with vertues rights:
 Faithe, guides my wit: loue, leades my will:
 Hope, all my minde delights.

In lowlie vales I mounte
 To pleasures highest pich:
 My seely shrowde true honor bringes,
 My poore estate is rich.

My conscience, is my crowne:
 Contented thoughts, my rest:
 My hart is happie in it selfe:
 My blisse is in my brest.

Enough, I reckon welth:
 A meane, the surest lot,
 That lies to high, for base contempt:
 To low, for enuies shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easie to fulfill:
I make the Limites of my power,
The bondes vnto my will.

I haue no hope but one,
Which is of heauenly raigne:
Effects attainde, or not desired,
All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
Weldoing is my welth:
My minde to me an empire is:
While grace affordeth health.

I clippe high clyming thoughts,
The winges of swelling pride:
Their fall is worst that from the hight
Of greatest honor slide.

Sith sayles of largest fize
The storme doth soonest teare:
I beare so low and small a sayle,
As freeth me from feare,

I wrastle

I wrastle not with rage
While furies flame doth burne:
It is in vaine to stop the streame,
Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out
And ebbing wrath doth end:
I turne a late enraged foe
Into a quiet frend.

And taught with often prooffe,
A tempered calme I finde:
To be most solace, to it selfe:
Best cure, for angrie minde.

Spare diet, is my fare:
My clothes, more fit, then fine:
I know I feede and cloth a foe:
That pampered, would repine.

I enuie not their happe,
VVhome fauour doth aduance:
I take no pleasure in their paine,
That haue lesse happie chaunce.

To

To rise by others fall,
I deeme a loosing gaine:
Al states with others ruines built,
To ruine runne amaine.

No chaunge of fortunes calmes,
Can cast my comforts downe:
When fortune smiles, I smile to thinke,
How quickly shee will frowne.

And when in froward moode
Shee proues an angrie foe:
Smale gaine I found to let her come,
Lesse losse to let her goe.

Shun





Lose in delaies.

Shun delaies, they breede remorse:
 Take thy time, while time doth serue thee,
 Creeping Snailes haue weakest force;
 Flie their fault least thou repent thee:
 Good is best when soonest wrought,
 Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoise vp saile, while gale doth last;
 Tide and wind stay no mans pleasure:
 Seeke not time, when time is past,
 Sober speede is wisdomes leasure:
 After wits are dearely bought,
 Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his lockes before,
 Take thou hold upon his fore head,
 When he flies he turnes no more,
 And behinde his scalpe is naked,
 Workes aiournd haue many staves,
 Long demurres breede new delaies.

H

Seeke

*Seeke thy salue while sore is greene,
Festred wounds aske deepe Launcing;
After cures are seeldome seene,
Often sought scarce euer chauncing,
Time and place giue best aduise,
Out of season out of prise.*

*Crush the Serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges ere they be hatched:
Kill bad Chickins in the tread,
Fligge they hardly can be caught.
In the rysing stifle ill,
Least it grow against thy will.*

*Droppes doe pearse the stubborne flint,
Not by force but often falling:
Custome kils with feeble dint,
More by vse then strength preuailing.
Single sandes haue little waight,
Many make a drowning fraight.*

*Tender twigges are bent with ease,
Aged trees doe breake with bending:
Young desires make little prease,
Grougt doth make them past amending.
Happie man that soone can nocke,
Bable babes against the rocke.*



Loues seruile lot.

Loue mistris is of many mindes,
Yet few know whome they serue:
They reckon least how little loue,
Their seruice doth deserue.

The will shee robbeth from the wit:
The sence from reasons lore,
Shee is delightfull in the rine,
Corrupted in the core.

Shee shroudeth vice in vertues vaile,
Pretending much good will:
Shee offereth ioy, affordeth grieve,
A kisse where shee doth kill.

A honnie shower raines from her lippes,
Sweete lights shine in her face:
Shee hath the blush of virgine mild,
The mind of vipers race.

H 2


Shee

Shee makes thee seeke, yet feare to find:
To find, but not enioy.
In many frounes some gliding smiles,
Shee yeeldes to more anoy.

Shee wooes thee to come neere her fire:
Yet doth shee draw it from thee:
Farre off shee makes thy hart to frie,
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall some luring baites:
For fooles to gather vp.
Too sweete to some to euery tast,
Shee tempereth her cup.

Soft foules shee bindes in tender twist,
Small Flees in spinners webb,
Shee settes a floote some turning streames,
But makes them soone to ebb.



Her watrie eyes haue burning force:
Her flouds and flames conspire.
Teares kindle sparkes, sobbes fuell are:
And sighes doe blow the fire.

Loues seruile lot.

55

May neuer was the Month of loue,
For May is full of flowers,
But rather Aprill wet by kind,
For loue is full of showers.

Like tyrant cruell wounds shee geues,
Like Surgeon salve shee lends,
But salve and sore haue equall force,
For death is both their ends.

With soothed wordes, intralled soules:
Shee chaines in seruile bands,
Her eye in silence hath a speach,
Which eye best vnderstands.

Their leaues are stained in beauties die,
And blassed with their beames,
Their stalkes inameld with delight:
And limed with glorious gleames.

Life giuing iuice of liuing loue;
Their sugered vaines doe fill,
And watred with eternall showers,
They nectared droppes distill.

These

56

Loue seruile lot.

These flowers doe spring from fertill soile,
Though from vnmanu'rd fielde.
Most glittering golde in lew of gleebe,
The fragrant flowers doe yeelde.

Whose Soueraigne sent surpassing sense,
So rauisheth the mind.
That worldly weedes needes must he lothe,
That can these flowers find.

F I N I S.

